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OXFORD BESIEDGED,

Surprised, Taken, and Pittifully Entred on Munday the second of *June* last, 1645. by the Valiant Forces of the *London* and *Westminster Parliament*.

BIBLIOTECA BODLEIANA

WRITTEN,

By a Trusty wellwisher of theirs, who stedfastly hopes, and heartily prayes, they may have the like prosperous successe in all their future undertakings. The Writers name and Surname begins with the 9th. letter of the Greeke Alphabet,

Io - Ta.

John Taylor the water poet

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Printed in the last year of the Parliament's Raigne. 1645.

OXFORD BESIEDGED,

Surprized, Taken, and Pittifully Entred, on Munday the second of *Iune* last, 1645. by the Valiant Forces of the *London* and *Westminster Parliament*.

LOndon and *Westminster*, (though neither of you are my Native or Naturall Mother, yet) I was borne in *Gloceſter*, a City that hath ſtood to it in our Loyall and obedient Warres againſt the King, not much inferiour for Parliamentall obedience or Publique Faith and Confidence to you, as hath been obſtinately manifeſted. But leaving *Gloceſter*, with her *Maſſy* zeale and valour, I returne my loving Remembrance to *London*, who hath been, and is the inexhauſtible Magazine for Men, Mony, and Maintenance, for the ſupportation of thoſe durable, famous and laſting Warres againſt the King, (which the Cavaliering and Malignant Party calls Rebellion) and which we have cauſes to call, entitle, nominate, and acknowledge to be the Holy Cauſe.

And as our Armies have with unexpected ſucceſſe, been Horrible, Terrible, Dreadfull, Fearefull, Victorious, and Invincible, and have ſcraged through *England*, *Wales*, *Scotland*, *Ireland*, *Coventry*, and *Canterbury*, yet that ſtiffeneck'd Generation and People of *Oxford*, have (till now) ſtood out in Rebellious oppoſition againſt us; for that *Academy* and *City*, have ever ſince theſe diſtracted and diſturbant times, been the Treaſury of Refractory obſtinacy, and the Store-houſe of our Miſchiefes; whom to ſuppreſſe and bring into order and conformity, our Almighty Parliament hath ſought by all favourable meanes, and by moſt perſwaſive Exhortations from the Preſſe and Pulpits, there hath been nothing by us neglected,

ted, that might reforme them. But finding their obduracy immoveable, their inveteracy implacable, and their reducancy impossible; we (out of a Christian care of the future prosperity of that Renowned well-spring and Fountaine of Learning) much against our pious Inclinations, were inforced to surround it with our Potent and unresistible Forces of hostility, twice in two severall yeares.

In two monthes of *May*, we have given them two gentle and friendly Visitations (*viz.* 1644, and 1645.) and we alwaies used, the most submissive way of Summoning His Majesty and that stubborne City to our obedience. What a faire warning we gave them the first yeare, is not unknowne, and how fairly we came of and on, we have cause to remember, for two great Generalls and Armies did onely face them, as an Instruction for them to avoyd their further desolation and calamity. But seeing that gentle and mollifying Cataplasmes and Pultisses would not serve to soften the Corrodency of their Apostumated Inveteracy, we have now (about the latter end of this last *May*) in the *Whitsun* week, vouchsafed to lance her Malignant maladies, and by incision and occision, to let out her malevolent and contagious Corruptions.

To which end and purpose, our (potent, powerfull, perpetuall and pittifull) Parliament, begirt and swathed that contumacious City with a strong Swaddle band of Warre, with foure severall Armies, which being conjoyned into one, with a Quadraplicitiall Vnity, under the conduction of such a Messe (or *Murnivall*) of Martiall Commanders, that the like (or braver) *Heroes*, never issued from the Loynes of *Mars* & *Belona*, amongst whom the most Excellent, Expert, Exact, and Exquisite Souldier, Sir *Thomas*[illegible] *Fairfax*, was Commander in chiefe, being the admired *Agamemnon* of our Host, and the only chosen, pick'd, or cull'd man amongst men most worthy to be a Generall *Generalissimo*. Secondly, the Couragious and Treshault Treshnoble *Cromwell*, shew'd himselfe like a blazing fiery Commet, full of combustible Valour, and Subitory Expedition. Thirdly, that Impe of Prowesse, the Magazine and Arcenall of Armes and Military discipline, the never daun-

ted and dreadfull *Skippon*, appear'd like the Magnanimous *Achilles*, with his most unmatchable multitude of *Mirmidons*. Fourthly and lastly, (but neither last or least in worth) was the Illustrious Bold *Browne*, in whose Braine, the Art of Armes is *Pyled*, and in whose Breast, Honour is Billited, he most Terribly, Fearfully, drew his Trenchant Sword, wherewith he chop'd in sunder the Faggot-Bond of his fury, insomuch that his flaming Valour (like a burning *Bavin*) appear'd most Refulgently perspicuous to the besiedged *Oxonians*. These foure Generalls (drawne in their particulars) were *Quarter'd* in the Villages that doe Verge, Fringe, or Girdle the City, namely *Kennington*, South *Hinkesey*, West *Hinkesey*, *Botley*, *Witeham*, *Wolvercot*, *Marson*, *Hedington*, *Sampford*, *Isley*, &c. By which meanes it was so strongly Block'd up, that the Garrisons Forces and Inhabitants began to look thin upon the matter, for they were so unprovided, and unprepared to endure a Siedge, that within five dayes we brought them to such a hard strait, that Wheat was mounted to the price of 4s. the Bushell, Butter and Cheese at 6d and 3d the pound, Milke at a penny the quart, but 9 or ten Egges a groat, Radishes a halfe penny the bunch, a Iugge of Beere 2d, Beefe and other Flesh so scarce, that none was to be had amongst them (without credit or ready mony.) In this extremity, we perceived they were unable to hold out long, therefore our Valiant Commanders, (like the foure Windes) assaulted them at their foure severall Portes, His Excellency, play'd the part of *Boreas*, and Blustred Impetuously at the *North*; *Browne* with his Brave Bold Boyes Blew Boystrously like *Auster* at the *South*; *Cromwell* Acted the part of *Eurus* with untireable Snuffing, Puffing, and Huffing at the *East*; and *Skippon* (like a second *Scipio*) Rag'd most Tempestilentially (like *Zephyrus*) on the *West*. Thus on all sides, Parts and Portes was *Oxford* Beleaguerd, without and within every House, Lane, and Street, was full of Horror, Terror, Trembling like Hills. There you might behold a Woman quaking like a Custard before an Alderman, and in another place another shaking like an Oven; there was careless security in sundry and severall shapes and noyses, some halfe, and some whole drunk,

ſome piping and whiffing, ſome Riming and ſinging, ſome watching and guarding, (not at all regarding either us or any thing that we could doe to them) as may appeare by a mad fellow that wrote theſe Verſes in a jeering Contempt of us and our Forces.

For Browne, *for* Skippon, Cromwell, *and for* Fairfax,
Wee have a well ſtring'd Inſtrument at Cairfax,
And that if they doe but their Worke by halves,
The Parliament would Hang em up like Calves.

Some of them ſaid, that our Armies ſhould not offend the Parliament ſo farre, as to doe their worke by halves, or to doe halfe the worke they were ſent about; thus continued this hotch potch, mingle mangle galleymawfrey of variable opinions and humourous expreſſions, for the ſpace of ſeven daies and nine nights, with an afternoone or two; Our Cannons with perpetuall Battry having diſgorg'd 6789 ſhot, our Horſe, Carbines, and our innumerable Foot environ'd them round, with groves, thickets, and woods of Pikes, our Muskets, Petronells, and Piſtolls, breathing flames, and ſpitting death and deſtruction. Amongſt and amidſt theſe Rough Robuſtious ſalutations, and Mortall Monumentall mortuary greetings, one of our Cannons (being) diſcharged or fired at Random, from his Excellencies Quarter at *Marſon*, flew by chance over Saint *Johns Colledge*, and moſt ſtrangely wheel'd about on the left hand, hard by the Croſſe and weathercock on Saint *Maries* Steeple; and paſſing in poſt haſt to *Chriſt-Church*, it broke a corner of a window in the great *Quadrangle*, and from thence it mounted, and took the great Lanthorne on the top of the Hall, which never fell to ground till it drop'd into *Abington* market place; juſt in the ſame Pavement whereon the Idolatrous *Croſſe* ſtood, that was Piouſly overthrowne on the 31 of *May*, 1644. (much about the month, day, and time of the yeare, as the aforeſaid ſhot fell into *Chriſt-Church*) by the moſt Victorious and Vanquiſh'd, the Renowned and Nobly ſlighted, the Conquer'd Conqueror, Sir *William Waller*; the aforeſaid Lanthorne, being now in the tuition of the Valiant Colonell *Browne*, who hath it as a Reward of his Noble ſervices, and is determined to keep it till he 31. May 1644

dyes, and afterwards it is to be hang'd up (as a *Trophey*) over his Tombe, for a Monumentall Remembrance to Posterity, of his Valour and Victories.

But to returne to the Siege againe; The Reader must understand, that our Parliament are so happy to have such Generalls and Commanders as are in their Valours, not only invincible, but invisible also. The Canoneers and Gunners had the Art to discharge many hundreds of their Ordnance, and no fire or Bullet to be seen, nor Report of any Gun heard. For of all the great numbers of shot (before specified) there were very few of them came to the knowledge of the Besieged; insomuch that they were uncapable of perceiving any danger they were in. This Rare hidden Art was first invented by an *Italian*, whom they called Doctor *Jackaneico*, he was an *Ægyptian* witch, (or a cunning man) in the Raigne of *Ptolomy Evergetes* King of *Ægypt*.

By the Command of Sir *Tom* (his Excellency I meane) there was an Artificiall *Naturall* Geometricall Bridge, made over the River *Charwell*, about a mile from *Oxford* (North East and by Westward) what good service that Bridge did it is impertinent, and not much materiall to speak of; But this is certaine, that the month of *May*, ending on the 31, which being Saturday, fell out luckily to be the latter end of the week, the Sunday following proved to be the first day of *June*, so that (by consequence) Monday was the next day after; on which Monday morning, we had the happinesse to gaine a glorious Victory. On that day, (that memorable, remarkable, honourable, dainty delicate day) our Forces ascended to the top (or altitude) of Mount *Hedinton* (vulgarly called *Hedinton Hill*) but for that day, and on that Hill (to which Hill, *Pinda*, *Ossa*, *Olympus*, *Parnassus*, *Gadds* Hill, *Shotover*, and *Shuters* Hill, shall hereafter strike saile) our prosperous *Parliamentonians*, inclosed, encompassed, environ'd, enwrapped, envelloped (or what the Reader meanes to tearme it) the whole Body, or Bodies of the Malignants, we fought Valiantly, they fell Violently, some dead, some kill'd, some slaine, some hurt, some wounded, some fled, some ran away, some escap'd, some taken

Prisoners,

Prisoners, some put into Bondage, some thrust into Thraldom, and some carried into Captivity, so that in lesse time then halfe an howre, the mutability of fickle fortune was apparent, by a suddain turne of her foure square-Round wheele, for beyond all expectation, when the Enemy was singing scurvy Songs, & jeering with intollerable abusive Language and gesture, at the Sacred Persons and Honours of those whom they have formerly sworne to obey with Allegiance and Loyalty. Then at that Time, even then, betwixt the howres of two and three in the morning, we fell upon them *Pell mell, Helter skelter*, where in a moment 40 or 50 fell, to seek their habitation in another world, many were sore wounded; and having thus won the Field, we presently won *Oxford*, we entred without Resistants at the East, by Saint *Clements*, we Conquer'd *Maudlin* (or *Magdalen Colledge*) with a bare Summons, we march'd Triumphantly to *Cairfax*, (and leaving the Gallowse on our right hand) we with force or perforce entred and surpriz'd the Castle, we staid in the Castle three dayes, in all which time our Generalls were so Nobly pittifull, and our other Commanders, Officers, and Souldiers so mercifully mannerly, that we neither did the Towne any harme, or Plunder'd the people of any thing (except Victualls) but whatsoever we had was freely given to us, nor did any of us so much as give the *Oxford* folke so much as a hard word, nor troubled them to lye in any of their Beds or foule sheets, or any linnen; and was not this a mercifull Victory? All this was done by lesse then 150 Parliament Souldiers, in so small or little a time, that it must ever be with Thankfulnesse remembred, and it is not to be doubted, but *London* and *Westminster* will expresse their joyfull gratitude, with Bells, Bonefires, and an holy publique Thankesgiving.

To conclude, I have an humble desire (or Request) to all Valiant men of our Parliament Armies, which is, That they will stoutly, stiffely, and desperately stand and persevere in the Cause, you know that many of us, could never have gotten such Estates by our Trades, as we have purchased by this Trade of Warre; it is not Loyalty and Allegiance, that will preferre

a *Tinker*

a *Tinker* to the Estate of a *Commander*; it is not that beggerly Thing call'd *Honesty*, nor that despised fancy of *Learning*, will bring a man to *Promotion*, *Conscience* is a Toye, it will never make a *Cobler* a *Preacher*, or a *Wood-monger* a Sergeant *Major Generall*, or *Colonell*; we are now *Grammar'd* in our Noble Actions, and a *Peace* would put very many of us back againe to our *Horne-bookes*; a just and lawfull *Peace* would cause the King to have His Owne againe, and every man to have his Right; a *Peace* would restore the *Protestant Religion* to it's Pristine Purity; and then what will become of our Zealous new *Directorie*, for a *Peace* will bring in againe, the contemned Booke of *Common Prayer*; and finally a *Peace* would make Thousands of us to surrender so much Pillage and Plunder to the Right owners, that we should be like (*Æsops* Crow) poore naked Rogues, when every Bird had his feather from us; Let our Conquests encourage us, let our hopes spurre us forward, let our surprize of *Oxford*, fill our Veins with Valour, and let the 24 *Tinkers* of *Banbury*, be our Presidents, who (for joy of our *Oxonian* Victory) have newly Brat'd their *Kettle Drummes* for the Entertainment of the Lord *Say* thither, which they will *Seale* with their Bloods. Let our Preachers Revile, let our Pamphlet writers Raile, let *Mercurius Britannicus* Jeere and flourish, let *Booker*, *Nye*, and *Lylly*, lye on, let us Fight for wealth, and Run away for advantage, wee have a Parliament to protect us, and there's an end.

POSTCRIPT, or an old said saw of the Malignants.

Wise men Labour, Good men Grieve,
Knaves invent, and Fooles believe,
Then helpe us Lord, and stand unto us,
Or Knaves and Fooles will quite undoe us.

FINIS.